

THE HOME JOURNAL.

Volume III.

WINCHESTER, TENN., OCTOBER 13, 1859.

Number 40.

BOOTS & SHOES

FOR LADIES AND GENTLEMEN.

J. P. NEWELL.

Have fitted up an excellent room on the South-east side of the Square, in Winchester, and will continue to keep on hand a large and select assortment of Patent French and American Leather. Also, lastings to suit the taste of Ladies. REPAIRING promptly attended to, and all work WARRANTED.

TERMS CASH.

eh10 3d J. P. NEWELL.

AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS,

Fruit Trees, &c.

I am agent for all kinds of Farming Implements which I can sell at Manufacturers' prices with carriage added. I have also a large lot of Fruit Trees growing in my Nursery for sale at prices as low as any Nursery, North or South, and of good quality and size.

AGENTS WANTED.

In the adjoining Counties to sell Trees, to whom I will pay a liberal per cent and furnish any amount of trees they may want.

S. W. HUGHES.

Apply to Winchester, Tennessee.

TRY ME.

The undersigned would most respectfully inform the citizens of Winchester and vicinity that he has opened a PAINT SHOP 1 door above Mr. Porter's blacksmith shop, and is prepared to paint Carriages, Houses, and Chairs. Also, Glazing and Paper Hanging will be done—all on liberal terms. He hopes by executing his work well, and being punctual to business, to get a liberal share of patronage.

Jan 13 6m T. J. WALKER.

New Saddle and Harness Shop

J. W. RUSSEY.

Saddle and Harness Maker, Main street, opposite Brooks' Hotel, will make to order and keep a general assortment of Saddles, Bridles and Martingales, Saddle Pads, Halters, double and single Girths, Circles, web reins, &c., fine and common cheap and buggy and common harness cheap for cash or at a liberal advance on time.

All kinds of produce taken in exchange for cash prices.

[Sep 13] 1y

JOHN F. VAUGHAN,

Wholesale and Retail Dealer in

Tin, Sheet Iron,

Copper and

Brass Ware,

and dealer in

Cooking & Warming

STOVES

of every pattern.

Pumps, Castings, Brass Kettles,

Old Lids, Coffee Mills, Wagon Boxes, &c.

Repairing, Roofing, Guttering, &c., done on short notice. Old Copper, Lead, Brass, Ironware, and Feathers taken in exchange for work.

J. F. V.

W. J. Slatter,

FANCY, BOOK AND JOB

PRINTER

Winchester, Tennessee.

Having just added a large

amount of new material

to a good lot before, we

are desirous to advise

that any office in Tennessee

can get up the richest style of printing.

CARD TYPE

our assortment is VERY LARGE. For Blank, Circulars

and the like, we have secured lately, also, for dress

albums, &c., we have something new.

With the aid of very fine and colored ink, we

can get up the richest style of printing.

In the way of beautiful

our assortment is VERY LARGE. For Blank, Circulars

and the like, we have secured lately, also, for dress

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With the aid of very fine and colored ink, we

The Home Journal.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY EVENING AT

TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM.

BY W. J. SLATTER.

"Pledged to no Party's arbitrary sway,
We follow truth where'er she leads the way."

Subscriptions for a shorter time

than one year must be paid in advance.

Hereafter no club subscriptions

at less than the regular price (\$2) will

be received. However, when a club of

five subscribers is sent us, we will allow

an extra copy gratis to the getter-up of

the club.

Single copies sold at 10 cents.

When credit for the paper is given to

the end of the year three dollars will

be invariably charged.

AGENTS FOR THE JOURNAL.

S. M. PITTINGILL & CO., New York.

JOHN P. HEFNER, Winchester.

T. J. CUMMINGS, Pulaski.

JOHN B. RHODES, Shelbyville.

C. A. HUNT, Salem.

L. I. GILDERSLLEEVE, Fayetteville.

A. M. TENISON, Nashville.

G. W. N. STOVALL, Greensboro, Ala.

THE "OUNCE OF PREVENTION."

If we were asked to give any young

person good advice, we should say to

him, or her: Never learn anything you

may be called upon in after-life to un-

learn; never acquire any habit you

will find it necessary to abandon; or

any acquaintance that self-respect

will compel you to ignore. "Drawing

a mistake or a prejudice out of the

head," observes some writer, "is as

painful as drawing a tooth." And

then, he might have added, the roots

often remain behind to plague you

with annoying reminiscences. It is

not easy, to extract a full-grown tooth

and it is just as easy to get rid of a

full-grown error, or a matured evil

habit or acquaintance. It is more

troublesome to unlearn a wrong thing

than to learn a right one. A little

discrimination in advance, therefore,

is a great economy of patience and

exertion. An "ounce of prevention is

worth a pound of cure."

TURNTIPS.

It is a good thing to be an editor

when you are surrounded by good

friends, like the two living down in

the neighborhood of Salem (that glo-

rious part of Franklin county) and

who kindly sent us last week some of

the finest turnips that we have seen

this year. We would inform Will C.

and Ira L., that those turnips came

safe to Fancy Gate, and were devour-

ed by our family in due course of

time—that is, it took us four days

to get through with them, and from

the bottom of our heart and stomach,

we thank our friends. And be it

known to all our subscribers, who

have good things to eat, that Fancy

Gate is the place for receiving pres-

ents, in the way of turnips, fodder and

cats, cabbage, beef, mutton, chickens,

eggs, and anything that man or horse

can eat. And we know of no one

who can appreciate a present more

fully than a bachelor.

WHAT A WIFE SHOULD BE.

Says an old author: "A good wife

should be like three things, which

three things she should not be like.—

First, she should be like a snail, al-

ways keep within her house, but she

should not be like a snail, to carry all

she has upon her back.

Secondly, she should be like an

echo, always speak when she is spoken

to; but she should not be like an

echo, always to have the last word.

Thirdly, she should be like a town-

clock, always keep time and regular-

ity; but she should not be like a town-

clock, to speak so loud that all the

town may hear her."

THEFTS.

This county seems to be infested

just now with pick pockets, and such

light-fingered gentry. At camp-meet-

ings, several of which have been in

EDITOR HOME JOURNAL.

Dear Sir: This is the very first arti-

cle I have penned since Marce last,

except as I have been compelled to,

by previous engagements. Will you

accept it for the "Home Journal."

THE HUSBAND'S LAMENT.

BY MRS. ADELIA C. GRAVES.

I stood beside your grave, Mary,

Your open grave, to-day,

When they hid you from my sight, Mary,

Beneath the cold, damp clay.

And my heart was nigh to burst with grief,

A grief, so wild and strong,

That only tears could bring relief,

And O! they flowed so long.

Death's tried to harm me oft, Mary,

But he never did, before,

Thou more than once he's knocked, Mary,

Knocked at our cottage door.

When my father died, that sad, sad day,

And my Mother, still more dear,

Twas your hand that gently wiped away

The bitter, flowing tear.

And when our darling Babe, Mary,

Was snatched, even from your breast,

You hushed your own deep woe, Mary,

To soothe my grief to rest,

And with your arm around my neck,

Your soft kiss on my cheek,

I still thank God for blessings left,

Although I could not speak.

But I am left alone, Mary,

There's none cares for me now,

No sweet smile meets my eye, Mary,

No soft hand cools my brow;

And I'm weak to struggle, Mary, dear,

When our little ones draw nigh,

For I know how much they need, to cheer,

Their Mother's voice and eye.

You are sleeping "neath the sod, Mary,

We shall see your face no more,

But your weeping babes shall oft, Mary,

Hear all your virtues o'er.

And they'll grow, every day, I trust,

Ye more, and more, like her,

Who's mouldering slowly back to dust,

Within the sepulchre.

O! life's a lonely road, Mary,

So dreary, since you're gone,

That I can scarcely hear, Mary,

To tread my ways, alone,

Yet, for our dear ones, I will live

Their tender minds to train,

So that, rejoicing, I may give

Then to your arms again,

And have the sweet reward, Mary,

To feel you mine, once more,

Met, never more to part, Mary,

Upon a happier shore,

And I'll cherish this your love, Mary,

Your sweet, fond, spirit love,

Till I once more clasp you to my heart,

In a world of joy above.

MANY THANKS FOR THE COPY, OCT. 13, 1859.

THE CAVALRY OFFICER.

Col. Eugene Merville was an at-

tache of Napoleon's staff. He was a

soldier in the true sense of the word—

devoted to his profession and brave

as a lion. Though very handsome,

and of fine bearing, he was of humble

birth—a mere child of the camp, and

had followed the drum and bugle from

boyhood. Every step in the line of

promotion had been won by the stroke

of his sabre, and his promotion from

major of cavalry was for a gallant

deed which transpired on the battle

field beneath the Emperor's own eye.

Murat, the Prince of Cavalry Officers,

loved him like a brother, and taught

him all that his own good taste and

natural instinct had not led him to ac-

quire before.

It was the carnival season in Paris,

and young Merville found himself at

the masked ball in the French Opera

House. Better adapted in his taste

to the field than the boudoir, he flirts

but little with the gay figures that

cover the floor, and joins but seldom

in the giddy waltz. But at last, while

standing thoughtfully, and regarding

the assembled throng with vacant eye

his attention was suddenly aroused by

the appearance of a person in white

satin domino, the universal elegance

of whose figure, manner and bearing,

convinced all that her face and mind

must be equal to her person in loveli-

ness.

Though in so mixed an assembly,

still there was a dignity and reserve

in the manner of white domino that

rather repelled the idea of familiar

address, and it was sometime before

the young soldier found courage to

speak to her.

Some alarm being given, there was

a violent rush of the throng towards

the door, where, unless assisted, the

lady would have materially suffered.

Eugene Merville offered his arm, and

with his broad shoulders and stout

frame wards off the danger. It was a

delightful moment; the lady spoke the

purest French, and was witty, fanciful

and captivating.

"Ah! pray raise that mask and re-

veal to me the charms of feature that

must accompany so sweet a voice and

so graceful a form as you possess."